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CHRISTUS VICTOR:

A Student's Reverie.

By

Henry N. Dodge.

1896.

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DEDICATION.

Great Son of God, see at Thy feet

My heart's best treasure, for Thy hands unmeet.

If in this casket Thou shalt find

Aught to adorn Thy way, or help mankind,

Take it, O Heart of Love Divine,

And use it as Thou wilt, for it is Thine.

For all the world, for you and me.
These little arms outstretched shall be
For us, where e'er we stray, shall seek;
These tender feet, so soft and weak,
The burdens of a world shall bear;
This dimpled form, so soft and fair,
Love new-born, with resistless might!
Look, sons of men,-- a wondrous sight--
The story of His lowly birth;
Sing, angels, sing to all the earth
Soft echoes from the blissful sky;
Angels, sing some sweet lullaby,

Then bless me with Thy waking smile.
Sleep, little Jesu, sleep awhile,
In peace upon His manger-bed;
Soon will she lay His baby head
The infant Saviour sink to rest;
See on His mother's gentle breast,

Wake Child,the nations need Thee,wake;
The mighty now Thy followers make,
Subdue their stubborn wills to Thine,
O'ermastered by Thy love divine;
Thy conquering love fierce passions tame
And add new glory to Thy name!

ation, into which he sees, as in a vision, an endless flood of souls rising from the earth, his mind is filled with questioning thoughts as to the final destiny of mankind, feeling that an all-wise God, whose nature is love, must have designed the human race which He has created, for final holiness and happiness.

The student is over-awed by the immensity of the thought and by those teachings of the Scriptures which

led to consider one or two typical passages usually held to support a contrary view, and as his mind begins to rest upon a hopeful solution of the question, other objections of a philosophical character relating to freedom, law etc. rise to confront him.

After considering these and the questions to which they give rise and still feeling that love must be in theend triumphant, he appeals to the risen Saviour to show the manner and extent of His victory, that his soul may rest in quiet on a sure foundation.

The Saviour relates to him the experience of His passion as a pledge of His final and complete victory over evil.

Perfect rest and peace take possession of the student's mind as he hears a chant of triumph sung by the heavenly hosts, hailing the sure victory of love.

CHRISTUS VICTOR: A STUDENT'S REVERIE.

I.

Loud storms the tempest, heaven is black with rage,
The headlong winds have broken every bond,
And savage blasts go scouring [illegible]
As if a demon-hag with her foul imps
Swept shrieking down the night, a direful crew,
Fore-runners of some dread calamity.
Fierce glares the lightning, loud the thunder's roar
And swollen clouds pour down long-treasured wrath.
The gnarled trees writhe groaning in [illegible],
Struggling like souls harassed by doubts and fears,
Brave hearts, though torn unconquered by the storm!
Hoarse gusts with ghostly cries besiege the house
And shuddering, prowl about from door to door,
Now shake the casements, now with sad complaint
Hiss through the shivering crannies: Let us in!
The blazing firebrands cast a lurid glare
Over the room, making weird shadows dance
Fantastic measures to the wild refrain.
My book is closed, the night wears slowly on,
And I in silent meditation muse:

CINCINNATUS VICTOR: A RETROSPECT'S MOMENTS.

I.

And I in silent meditation muse:
My book is closed, the night veers slowly on,
Dark storms its tempest, heaven is black with ruin,
The heathen winds have broken every bond,
And savage plants to accustom through the sky
As if a demon-hag with her foul impe
[illegible]
More-numbers of some fresh calamity.
There glares the lightning, loud the thunder's roar
And swollen clouds pour down long-treasured wrath.
The emerald trees writhe groaning in the gale,
Struggling like souls harassed by horrors and fears,
Brave hearts, though torn unconquered by the storm;
Fierce gusts with ghostly cries besiege the doors
And shuddering, prowl about from door to door.
Low sighs the casements, now with sad complaint
Flee through the shivering crannies: let us in!
The blasting fireborne east a lurid glare
[illegible]
Instantly [illegible]

II.

1.

What is this that sits beside me!
Who my guest this fearful night?
Whose these pallid, ghastly features
Shining in the fitful light?

2.

Horrid face of doubtful meaning,---
Was it but the flickering gleam
Of the flame which from that visage
Caused a deathly smile to beam?

3.

Was it that the sudden shudder
Of the storm wind's gusty flaws
Made a sound like hollow laughter
Gurgle through these fleshless jaws?

4.

Nay,'twas not a laugh he uttered,
Long ago that voice was hushed;
Long it is since grief or pleasure
From that withered bosom gushed.

5.

But his white limbs all are lifeless
And his look is fixed and stern,
And his orbless sockets,glaring,
Never from the embers turn.

6.

Tell me, stranger-guest, whence art thou?
What thy name and where thy home.
Vain the question, for no answer
From those silent lips will come.

7.

'Tis a dead man sits beside me!
From the shadows of the tomb
Is he here, a silent teacher
From the house of death and gloom.

III.

Why shrink away from this grim skeleton?
For here is beauty. See, each separate bone
Is turned and fashioned by a skillful Hand
And fitted to its fellow, while the whole
For strength is built, a marvel of design.
With cunning skill the supple joints are wrought,

"With cunning skill the supple joints are wrought,
Nor strength is built, a marvel of design,
And fitted to its fellow, while the whole
Is turned and fashioned by a skilful hand
For here is beauty. See, each separate pose

Why shrink away from this main object?

III.

From the house of Joseph and Joan.

Is he home, a silent teacher

From the shadows of the room

Vein the question, for no answer

What thy name and whose thy home.

Never from the opaque twin.

And his look is fixed and stern,

But his white limbs all and lifeless

Suited to complex movements manifold.
Here is a channel deeply grooved to guard
Some tender vessel from all outward harm.
Those serried ribs protect the beating heart
And with surging breath as billows heave;
These bones rise dome-like over reason's throne.

IV.

With nicest art this framework of a man
Full many a cord and band together knit,
And hold each timber of the spirit's house
Firmly in its appointed place; then all
The busy joints are freed from friction's heat
Being moistened by the limpid flow within,
As the soft oil prevents the noisy clang
Of mighty engines, or the rattling loom.

V.

See where the swelling muscles next were placed;
Fold upon fold they lie, a ruddy mass;
The seat of strength, like strands close intertwined.
Here is the source of labor's sturdy blows,
And skill of fingers as they deftly fly,
Making the softest music; here the touch
Of hands that tells of love.

VI.

Through every part
A labyrinthic network winds, like some
Far-clambering vine whose wide extended arms
Bear heavy clusters fraught with ruby wine.
Through swelling arteries with ceaseless flow
The stream of life comes rushing from the heart;
O heart, so steadfast in thy lifelong task,
Unfaltering day and night, from youth to age!
Thou strange, unfathomed fount of weal and woe!
As a wild torrent chafes its banks and roars
With recent rain, so leaps this crimson stream
When passions burn; as gentle waters flow
'Neath summer sun, so glides this current on
When peace and health hold sway, bearing new strength
Upon its waves.

VII.

The whole with art divine
Is rounded to the matchless shape of man,
And over all a silky vestment spreads,
Now colored with the glow of health or blush
Of love more beautiful than rosy dawn,
Now blanched with sudden fear or cruel pain.

While on the head, like to a crown of glory,
Or a strong helmet, see the thick, crisp hair
That to the manly face new beauty adds;
Or sunny tresses with their golden wealth
Fair shoulders hiding, flowing down to drape
The graceful form with their luxuriance.

VIII.

Would I could tell the marvels of the eye,---
Where thought, expectant, in its watchtower waits;---
A wondrous lens that pictures to the mind
The beauty and the terror of the world;
The eye of man, before whose fearless gaze
The lion slinks affrighted to his lair;
A glowing beacon-light that flashes forth
On friend or foe the flame of love or hate
From pent-up fires!

IX.

Hark, how the song of birds,
The merry laughter or the cry of pain,
The muttering thunder and the ocean's roar
Through the mysterious chambers of the ear
Are echoed to the soul that dwells within!

X.

Here sounds the voice, a peerless instrument!
With gentle tones it lulls the babe to rest
And utters words of love and tenderness;
With stern commands directs the strife of men,
Where nations struggle on the field of war;
Swayed by the magic of its eloquence,
The hearts of thousands beat with one accord;
And when it soars upon the wings of song,
The thoughts of men are touched with fire and rise
Far above earth and all its sordid cares,
To burn with longings inexpressible.

XI.

High over all the brain, thought's mighty vassal,
Sits like a despot ruling by his will;
[illegible]
To bear his mandates with the lightning's speed .
Within this convoluted maze what powers,
What energies, what aspirations dwell,
And from their narrow cell reach forth to shake
The world, and dare to grasp the universe!

XII.

Before such lavish beauty of design
I stand in awe and contemplate the throng
Of earth's unnumbered children, each one made
With skill so wonderful! Here we behold
The culmination of a mighty plan;
Each step advancing from the lowest depths
Of reptile life displays another mark
Of nearer likeness to creation's head.
This chain of life ascending, who shall trace
The spirit's frame? Ah, who with wondering eye
Shall penetrate the soul's anatomy,
The texture of the immortal man disclose,
That form which still in glowing youth shall live
When all heaven's starry hosts have passed away?

XIII.

New wonders crowding thick on every side,
My soul is dazzled with infinity
And prostrate falls before Eternal Love,
Adoring Him, our Father and our God,
Whose glory fills the wide earth and the heavens,
Whose might created and whose will sustains.
He stamped His image on each human soul

And made us god-like in our mortal state;
He made our flesh His temple glorious
Filled full of light divine, our weakness strength,
Our death the way to immortality.

XIV.

1.

What man soe'er I chance to see---
O wondrous thought--- is kin to me
And if a man, my brother!

2.

What though in silken raiment fine
His form be clad, while naked mine;
He is a man, my brother.

3.

What though with flashing chariot wheel
He spurn my cry, nor pity feel;
He is a man, my brother.

4.

What though he sit in royal state
And for an empire legislate;
He is a man, my brother.

5.

What though of strange and alien race,

Of unfamiliar form and face;

He is a man,my brother.

6.

What though his hands be hard with toil

And labor his worn garments soil;

He is a man,my brother.

7.

What though ashamed,with drooping head,

He beg a morsel of my bread;

He is a man,my brother.

8.

What though he grovel at my feet,

Spurned by the rabble of the street;

He is a man,my brother.

9.

What though his hand with crime be red,

His heart a stone,his conscience dead;

He is a man,my brother.

10.

Though low his life and black his heart,

There is a nobler,deathless part

Within this man my brother.

Within this man my brother.

There is a noble, gentleness pure
Though low his life and black his hair.

10.

_____ is a man, my brother.

His heart a crown, his conscience land;

What thought his head with virtue be red.

_____ is a man, my brother.

Pierced by the pebble of the street;

What thought he glanced at my feet.

_____ is a man, my brother.

He lay a morsel of my bread;

What thought ashamed, with sympathy fraught.

7.

_____ is a man, my brother.

And labor his warm responsive soil;

What thought his hands be hard with toil

11.

The soul that this frail clay enfolds
The image of its maker holds;
That makes this man my brother.

12.

Though dimly there that image shine,
It marks the soul a thing divine,
A child of God, my brother.

13.

For him the spotless Son of God,
The Perfect Man, our pathway trod,
To show Himself our Brother!

XV.

1.

Hold back thy hand,
And reverent stand
Before this image of thy God.
See in that face
Some latent trace
Of Him who raised thee from the sod.

2.

Long shadows cast
By ages past
Now blur and stain that image fair;
The hate and crime
Of bygone time
Still guard their ancient stronghold there.

3.

In that dark life,
With turmoil rife,
But coarse and stunted flowers bloom;
Your lilies fair
Ne'er blossomed there;---
What blighting curse has been his doom?

4.

Those records old
A tale unfold
Of foul disease and low desires,
There vice now breeds
Its poison seeds
Transmitted from a hundred sires.

5.

Gaunt famine's hand
There placed its brand;---
Canst thou for him no pity feel?---
War's horrid scar
Those features mar,
Long trampled by the oppressor's heel.

6.

Make light his load,
Forbear thy goad,
Help him to share thy fairer life;
Soon,soon for all
The night will fall,
And hushed will be the toil and strife.

7.

From this dark heart
A stream may start,
Called forth by thy good word or deed,
And flowing,bless
Some wilderness
Whose harvests men unborn shall feed.

As ripples break
Upon the lake,
To wider circles ever growing;
Love's echoes roll
From soul to soul
Down time's long answering arches flowing.

XVI.

How fleeting and unstable is the form
That wraps the spirit in its earthly veil!
Daily and hourly do new atoms come
To renovate this fast dissolving frame
That with each movement, with each thought casts off
The tiny cells which die that we may live.
This solid flesh is but a passing shape,
A candle flame that seems from hour to hour
The same in form, unchanged in brilliancy,
Yet through the flame there flows a ceaseless stream
Of particles ablaze with heat, that give
Themselves its form and beauty to maintain.
So does our body change with passing days;
From infancy to age what flitting shapes,
What weakness, vigor and decrepitude

Hide from our view the ever constant soul!
We feel faint stirrings of immortal youth
And start with wonder at our fading flesh!
And when this changing mask we have outgrown
Or when the Lord of Life shall call us hence,
Then shall we suddenly be clothed upon
With some more glorious form of vaster powers.

VII.

1.

A tomb was built of massive stones
Fast clamped with many an iron band;
Below, among ancestral bones,
Lay the last noble of the land.

2.

"Closed be this tomb, these stones unmoved,"
So ran the legend graven deep,
"Their line is done, their worth is proved,
Let them in peace forever sleep."

3.

A tiny seed came floating by,
Borne gently on the summer breeze,--
A living germ not doomed to die,
Offspring of sturdy forest trees.

4.

It fell to earth unheard,unseen,
Within a little crevice lay,
And slumbered there in peace serene,
Unknown,unnoticed many a day.

5.

Its rootlet slowly downward crept,
Through narrow paths with granite walled,
Where long-dead generations slept;
Nor was it there by aught appalled.

6.

Into the air the seedling sped,
The tree rose upward towards the sky,
Its branches flourished o'er the dead,
That safe in guarded slumber lie.

6.

A tiny seed came floating by,

A living germ cast doomed to die,

Disappearing of sturdy forest trees,

7.

It fell to earth unheard, unseen,

Within a little crevice low,

And slumbered there in peace serene,

Unknown, unnoticed many a day.

8.

There long-shut memories slept;

Nor was it there by aught appalled,

Into the air the reaching shoot,

The branches flourished o'er the spot,

That made in wounded slumber lie.

7.

Till,nourished by the sun and rain,
It gathered strength from day to day;
Then rent its mighty bonds in twain
And rolled the granite rocks away!

8.

The sunlight trespassed in the tomb,
The breezes laughed with fragrant breath,
New life dispelled the ancient gloom
And mocked the vaunted power of death!

XVIII.

Hid in the chrysalis,this grovelling worm
Lies heedless of the storm and winter's cold,
Until the spring with beauty clothes the fields
And June with roses crowns the blooming year.
Then breaking from its withered tenement,
Its dormant life to larger freedom wakes;
In splendor clothed it flits from flower to flower
With jewels on its rainbow-tinted wings,
A living blossom,fairest of them all!

XIX.

1.

I sought a lake amid the peaceful hills
Where fairy fleets of water-lilies grow;
Each argosy rich golden treasure fills,
Around them perfume-laden breezes blow.

2.

The lily-pads like emerald islands float
About me,whispering softly as I go
Sweet,murmered messages against my boat,
To her for whom their dainty blossoms blow.

3.

I plucked the swaying lilies,one by one,
From their deep moorings in the languid stream;
No more they rode at anchor in the sun,
Short snapped each dripping stem,as breaks a dream.

4.

But one proud flower the queen of all did reign;
Its jealous stem refused to let it go;
I pulled,---the mimic cable bore the strain
And weighed its anchor from the depths below.

XIX.

I.

I sought a lake amid the perpetual hills,

[illegible]

[illegible]

II.

The jealous elves [illegible]

About me whispering softly as I go

The lily-pads like emerald islands float

III.

[illegible]

I plucked the cowslips dilies one by one,

[illegible]

To her for whom their fairy blossoms blow.

IV.

Short snapped each dripping stem as breaks a dream.

No more they rode as wonder in the sun.

But one proud flower the queen of all its realm;

Its jealous stem refused to let it go;

And wrenched its anchor from the depths below.

5.

This lily on her gentle breast shall lie,---
Lo,the reluctant root has reached the light;
I started,wondering as it met my eye
How from such foulness grew these petals bright!

8.

Drifting,I felt the presence of the Power
That from corruption formed a child of light;
That out of blackness called this radiant flower,
Pure-golden-hearted,robed in spotless white!

XX.

Within the egg with deftly folded wing,
Slumbers the bird beneath the mother breast,
And when the brooding warmth has wakened it
From nothingness to life,his little heart
Throbs with a longing for new liberty
Till,breaking through the frail,confining shell,
He sees the light,he feels the summer breeze;
New life is his and soon with wing outstretched,
He spurns the nest and through the upper air
Joyful in freedom,revels in the sky!

Joyful in freedom, revels in the sky;

He spurns the nest and mounts the upper air

New life is his; and soon with wing outstretched,

He soon the limit, he feels the summer breeze;

Till, breaking through the frail confining shell,

Throbs with a longing for new liberty

From nothingness to life, his little heart

And when the breeding warmth has warmed it

Pure-golden-hearted, robed in spotless white!

That out of blackness calls this radiant flower,

That from corruption formed a child of light;

Drifting, I felt the presence of the Power

Now from each feature grew those gentle bright!

I started, wondering as it met my eye

To, the reluctant root has reached the light;

This lily on her gentle breast shall lie,—

XXI.

1.

Do you remember Love, the day
We watched the birdling fly away,
That golden summer morn?

2.

Three times the robins sought the vine,
Whose wreaths around our window twine,
And built them there a home.

3.

And then when all the rest had flown,
One timid birdie stood alone
And paused upon the brink.

4.

The little nest's encircling rim
The world's horizon was to him,
Scarce had he peeped beyond.

5.

But now he yearned for greater things,
He longed to try his growing wings,---
Where had his brothers flown?

6.

He crouched; he took new heart to dare;
Leaped, quivering, on the untried air---
And sought an unknown world!

7.

As forth he flew with timid grace,
An elm with glad and proud embrace,
[illegible].

8.

The dewy leaves, with one soft kiss,
Whispered to him of higher bliss
And straightway he was gone.

9.

Breathless we watched him as he flew;
We scarcely spoke, but well we knew
Each other's inmost thought.

XXII.

As once I walked beside the sun-lit sea
I heard a happy, low-voiced melody,
As if amid the breakers' hiss and roar
A babe were softly cooing on the shore:

1.

The mighty ocean is my nurse,
My swaddling-band sea grass;
The bright waves bathe me in their spray,
And kiss me as they pass.

2.

The storm-song is my lullaby,
I love old Ocean's voice;
The flood-tides bring me dainty food,
And waking, I rejoice.

3.

Though but a tender, pearly shell,
Safe to my rock I cling;
The future has no fears for me,
Sing, Ocean, surge and sing!

XXII.)/3

Along the beach dead shells lie strewn, cast off
By creatures who their narrow homes outgrew
Until at length bursting their prison bars,
They gained a larger life and roamed the restless sea.

XXIII.

Lo, the great earth itself with gradual change
Passes from year to year, from age to age,
Until when time is ripe some mighty throe
Rends the old order with upheavals vast,
With world-convulsions and great cataclysms
That change the seas and continents, and bring
New order into light, with higher life!

XVIII.

O Mother Earth, is there no word more clear,
No speech more simple, more articulate
Than thine? I hear thy whispers, silent and low,
And thy dumb creatures as they try to speak.
Must I return at last to thy embrace
And in thy darkness rest again forever?
Hast thou not hidden in thy bounteous breast
Somewhere, O Earth, some peerless gem whose ray
Erelong, when shining forth, shall flood thy gloom
With light supernal bursting from its tomb?

XXIV.

See, in that rock-hewn garden sepulchre,
The Holy One of God, despised and slain,
With nail-torn hands and feet and spear-pierced side,
His gentle brow by mocking thorns defaced,
See where He lies, obedient unto death!
Into that pallid face the glow of life
Begins to steal, while silent and in awe
The heavenly watchers stand. Now they with haste
Unwind the perfumed wrappings from His form
That fill the place with fragrant odors rare
Of precious spices and of blooming flowers.
And then, their joyful faces all aglow
Like flashing lightning, quickly by a touch,
They roll away the stone with jarring shock
As if an earthquake passed, and sitting there
Behold their Lord go forth, Death's Conqueror,
Emancipator of the slaves of fear.

XXV.

1.

Thou Victor, First-born from the dead,
Open our eyes to see Thy radiant face,
Make us to feel Thy presence, know Thy grace
And be by Thee to glory led.

2.

Bring to our darkened minds new light,
Diffuse Thy quickening radiance far and near,
Vanquish the might of sin, dispel our fear,
And let Thy day o'erwhelm our night.

3.

Wake our dull souls from drowsy sleep,
Let us not here be fully satisfied,
Help us to soar with Thee to worlds untried,
Lead Thou the way and near us keep!

XXVI.

What powers now vaguely felt with longing deep,
What tireless strength where now we sleep or faint,
What daring courage where our hearts now fail,
What joy of life and freedom shall be ours!
How shall our hands reach back in sympathy
To those still hampered by the weight of flesh;
How shall we run with eager,flying feet
To meet our loved ones on that radiant shore
And love's full rapture know forevermore!

XXVII.

1.

Wait,my beloved,wait,
Swiftly the changeful seasons fly;
I am coming,my love,though late,
The hour is drawing nigh.

2.

Wait,my beloved,wait,
Stray not too far through regions fair,
I am coming,my love,though late,
And I must find thee there.

And I must find thee there.

I no counter'da love'through tears,

Stars not too far through envious fair.

Wait'da betoved'wait.

.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Satisfy the observant measure [illegible]

)

XXXII.

Yet love's full rapture know forevermore;

To meet one joyed come or that radiant shore

How shall we run with eager'flying feet

To those exile's pampered by the waiver of fleet;

How shall our hands reach back in sympathy

Joy of life and freedom shall be ours!

[illegible]

[illegible] streams scarcely where now we sleep or pain.

Wept bosome now serenely felt with jumping deep.

XXXI.

3.

Wait,my beloved,wait,

I fear lest thou outgrow thy mate

And I should come too late,too late,

Wait,O Beloved,wait!

XXVIII.

1.

Was it an answer to my cry,

Or but a zephyr floating by,

A whisper or a sigh?

2.

"Love is not dead," it seemed to say,

"Love never will be far away;---

I too await that day.

3.

Love will not go beyond its own;

The more of bliss I here have known,

The dearer hast thou grown.

4.

Love is not dwarfed by upward flight,

Nor dazzled by celestial light,

Nor lost in Heaven's delight.

5.

Nay,when thou com'st to meet me,Dear,
I thy first wondering cry will hear,---
And God be still more near.

6.

Nor height nor depth shall separate;
There is no coming home too late;---
Be patient,Love,and wait!"

XXIX.

From some commanding height that rears its crest
On high,above the mists and clouds of earth,
Shall we not through that pure and tranquil air,
See all our wild temptation journey spread
Below us like a landscape at our feet;
The joyous,blooming hills,the sunny plains,
The quiet hamlet nestling in the shade,
The crowded city with its busy life,
The mountains proudly lifting up their heads
Where fleecy clouds float softly up the steep
Whose sturdy front has many a storm defied;
The perilous descent,the dark ravine,
And,black with gloom,the terrible abyss;

"My, what short ears to wear my beer."

Swift flowing rivers flashing in the sun,
The lake with islands on its peaceful breast,
Foul, stagnant fens and pools, the dark morass,
And far away that great mysterious sea
Whose waters bore us to the shores of time.
Then shall the various paths by which we came
Wind with a meaning far more bright and clear
Than when we trod those unfamiliar ways.

XXX.

Did early hope
Dream of a gentler slope,
Tuneful with Spring's alluring roundelay,
And bright
With cloudless light
Poured on thy joyful way?
Ah, courage keep;
Press on and scale the steep
Till thou the last sharp, rugged crag shalt climb
There shalt thou gain a view far more sublime,
And fairer seem thy track
When looking back!

Swift flowing rivers plunging in the sun,

The lake with islands on its peaceful breast,

Pool, stagnant fens and pools, the dark morass,

Those waters bore us to the shores of time,

Then shall the various paths by which we came

Wind with a meaning far more bright and clear

Did early hope

Dream of a gentler slope,

"mearful with Spring's alluring roundelay,

And bright

Press on and scale the steep

Till then the last sharp, nugged ever shall climb

There shall then rest a view far more sublime,

And fairer seem thy track

XXXI.

1.

Soul,in thy distant home the skies are fair;
There shalt thou breathe a pure,refreshing air;
There shalt thou bathe in limpid morning light,
Rest and forget the turmoil and the fight.

2.

No troubled night shall end the happy day,
No longer Right before the Wrong give way;
There love shall bear its fruit through endless time
And life grow full and strong in that fair clime!

XXXII.

Shall we not see life's mystery made plain,
As some fair pictured tapestry that seems
Upon its nether side,beneath the hand
Of him who weaves,naught but disordered threads
And colors in a wild confusion mixed;
While on its upper surface shine the forms
Of beauty and the colors rich and rare
That had their birth deep in the master's mind
And glowed before they saw the light of day?---
Or,like a painted vase whose noble shape

Until the artist gives it to the fire
Whose fierce, relentless breath upon it pours
Until the colors blossom in the flame,
Rich and resplendent in their harmony?
Shall we not be like some o'erweary child
From whose limp fingers slips the tedious task
And while it slumbers, mother's gentle hands
Undo the stitches, all the tangled threads
In order lay, and when the child awakes
Its tears have changed to smiles, its little troubles fled.

XXXII 1/2

1.

Sleep, child of my love, mother watches thy slumber,
No more shall his troubles my darling annoy;
The cares that distressed thee, so many in number,
Her hand will undo them, sleep sweetly my boy.

2.

O child of my love, that my fingers might ever
Thy troubles remove, when thou goest abroad;
Or wilt thou, my hero, the tangled cords sever
That fain would thee bind, with one blow of thy sword?

XXXII 1/2

"Sleep, child of my love," mother watches thy slumber.

3.

Peace, child of my love, mother watches thee sleeping,
She longs for thy waking, as night for the day;
Thy mother with singing her love-watch is keeping,
While Joy waits, impatient with Baby to play!

XXXIII.

1.

What splendors on my soul will break
When I from death's chill night awake!

2.

How will mine eyes endure the light
Streaming upon their dazed sight?

3.

Whose touch will rouse me from my sleep?
What form will o'er me vigil keep?

4.

And when I feel that presence near
Shall I not be o'ercome with fear?

5.

How shall dare to see that face
So full of majesty and grace?

Ah, waiting love will wake us there
And, 'mid the glories of that land
Will gently lead us by the hand,
Until our eyes the light can bear!

XXXIV.

What joy to know the great of centuries past,
Heroes and sages and the patriarchs old,
Leaders of men in every land and age,
Not bowed nor hoary with unnumbered years,
But from earth's greatness to full stature grown,
Majestic now in manhood's glorious prime;
To sit at rest in that great company
With those we love, and drink deep draughts of lore
And wisdom from the masters of all time!

XXXV.

No more these warriors lead their fellowmen
To bleed for glory on the battle-field,
Nor devastate the earth to crown their pride;

For greater wars and larger conquests now
They marshal heavenly hosts to vanquish wrong
Where'er it lingers in the universe.

XXXVI.

No more these sages in their nightly watch
With feeble glass shall scan the starry vast,
To measure suns and count the glittering orbs;
No longer mocked and baffled by defeat,
With clearer vision they explore the sky
And read the secrets of the firmament.

XXXVII.

These dauntless souls who, loyal to their Lord,
Refused to bow the knee at Error's shrine,
Who scorned release at cost of truth betrayed,
Counting one man with God a greater host
Than armed multitudes upholding wrong;
Unconquered by the rack, or flame's fierce breath,
Thought it but gain to die, so Truth might live.

Lovers of truth and man,no more despair
Of right,or suffer cruel martyrdom;
The ebbing tide has turned,and now the sea,
Rising in strength,sweeps all before its flood!

XXXVII.

And those who in each soul,howe'er defiled,
Beheld a brother and a child of God;
Who loved their fellows well and strove to ease
The heavy burdens of their earthly lot;
To waken dead hearts with the thought sublime
That all are children of the Almighty One,
Immortal heirs of a great heritage;---
These shall behold the glorious brotherhood
For which they longed and toiled,at last complete,
The universal family of God.

XXXIX.

No more with patient toil these scholars trace
For men,in dusty tomes,the word of life
And seek the truth in ancient palimpsest,
Often with scorn and hatred as reward.
Now speak they with the Living Word and learn

How simple is the truth, how plain the way,
Himself the glorious Truth for which they sought,
Himself the Way, the Light, the Life of men.

XL.

And these rapt lovers of the Heart of things,
Who saw the grace of flowering field and vale,
The mystic shade of forests flecked with light,
The purple mists upon far distant hills,
The rush of seas, the storm's wild majesty;
Who felt the throbbing of a rhythmic pulse
And in the face of Nature saw her soul;
Who in her myriad voices heard one voice
That told them of her hidden mysteries;
Heard too in dreamy murmur of the breeze,
In bird songs and the insect's drowsy note
In sweet complainings of the wandering brook,
Melodious strains of nature's symphony;
Who saw the blush of dawn, the noon-tide peep,
The stately splendor of declining day,
The melancholy twilight and the spell
Cast o'er the sleeping earth by the pale moon,
Filling the charmed air with floating forms
Drifting like fleecy clouds around the fair

Mistress of amorous Endymion
Enamored of the peerless Queen of Night;
The midnight glory, the triumphal march
Of constellations through the star-lit waste;
Who strove in toil and want and cold neglect
To show a heedless world with brush and pen
And chisel, fragments of their visions fair
And to interpret to their fellow-men
The deepest passions of the human heart;---
These now are blest with clearer light and know
The full fruition of their splendid dreams!

XLI.

Those others who, though lowly, still were true,
But never knew how shining were their deeds,
Nor thought how fruitful was the seed they sowed,
Now sparkle, jewels in His treasury
Who doth with foolish things confound the wise
And with weak things the mighty bring to nought.

XLII.

Ah, not in slothful ease shall we recline
And dream away our new existence sweet;

The dream is past,and life,more life,is ours!
With ever new desire shall we ascend
Those paths that climb o'er glorious heights to Him
Whose beckoning hand forever leads the way.
No weary days of care,no nights of pain,
No swiftly flying years that drag us on
With cruel haste,to meet the dreaded end,---
The end is past and time shall be no more!
No more our little boats we daily launch
To creep in fear along our native shore,
But out upon the boundless ocean sail,
Free to explore the wonders of the deep!
Or sent as messengers of Love Divine,
Knights errant to protect the weak from harm,
To aid the brave contending for the right
And from unequal odds wrest victory;
To turn a sinning brother from the wrong
And help him forward on his homeward way.
What sights of beauty shall our eyes behold,
As in vast journeys through unnumbered worlds,
We view the many mansions of the sky!

We view the many mansions of the sky;

As in west journeys through unnumbered worlds,

Those paths that climb o'er glorious heights to Him

With ever new desire shall we ascend

The dream is past, and life, more life, is ours!

XLIII.

What forms now dimly seen, what symphonies
Of music unimaginably sweet
In that glad life shall be our heritage!
Singing for joy the little ones of earth,
Where once they lived a moment and were gone,
Like flocking birds a countless multitude,---
Innumerable as the buds of spring,---
In rosy clouds of cherub faces bright
Like mists of dawn aglow with coming day,
Fill all the happy heavens with ecstacy;---
As larks a-wing, though hidden in the sky,
Pour forth their carols to the listening earth
And flood the air with waves of melody:---

XLIV.

1.

Dewdrops twinkling in the sun,
Ere the day has scarce begun,
In Thy golden light we shine,
Ever happy, ever Thine;
In Thy hand so safe and sure,
Hold Thy little jewels pure.

Hold Thy little jewels pure,

In Thy hand so safe and sure,

Ever happy, ever Thine;

In Thy golden light we shine,

Sure the day has/scarce begun,

Dewdrops twinkling in the sun,

3.

Thou from sin hast kept us free,
Lord, we raise our song to Thee.
Thou didst give us human birth
And a moment on the earth,
That we might Thine image bear,
Children of Thy love and care.

4.

Those whose love about us twined,
In whose hearts we were enshrined,
We will lead to realms above,
We will comfort with our love,
We will lead them home to Thee,
Home for all eternity.

XIV.

Softly a summer breeze begins to blow
Through woodlands faint with heat of sultry noon,
Each slumbering leaf awakening with a kiss;
A murmur of delight flows quickly on
Through whispering boughs, as stronger grows the wind
And all the trees their swaying branches wave
Till from the rocking forest far and wide
A swelling chorus rises to the sky.

So when some patient one through pain and storm
Enters that harbor of eternal rest,
Or when some weary prodigal returns
From sin to seek again his Father's house;
Some ancient giant wrong on earth goes down
Before the overwhelming charge of right,
And the world moves a little nearer heaven;
When by the mandates of Creative Power
Some orb new-born and flaming in its course
Speeds through the trackless heavens to do His will,
Or when the Lord of Hosts His spirit breathes
On the fierce passions of rebellious men
And leads them willing captives to the throne
Of Love Omnipotent,--- then from that vast
And thronging multitude shall one sweet voice
Utter a note of praise and victory,
And other voices joining in the song,
Pass it from host to host, from world to world,
Until with grandeur past all human thought,
The anthem rises in exultant strains
And the melodious tide of music flows
Through glowing aisles and sparkling arches high,
A lofty oratorio of praise!

A lofty oratorio of praise!

Through glowing stages and sparkling cosmic night,

And the melodious tide of music flows

The anthem rises in exultant service

Pass it from boat to boat, from world to world,

And other voices joining in the song,

Utter a note of praise and victory.

And thronging multitude shall one exalt voice

Of Love Omnipotent,--- then from that vast

And leads them willing captives to its throne

On the fierce passions of rebellious men

Or when the Lord of Destructive spirit presence

Speeds through the trackless heavens to do His will,

Come orb new-born and flaming in the course

When by the mandates of Creative Power

And the world moves a little nearer Heaven;

Before the overwhelming charge of night,

Some ancient giant wrong on earth goes down

Upon sin to seek again his Master's bones;

Or when some weary prodigal returns

Unto that harbor of eternal rest,

Or when some pulsing ore through pain and storm

XLVI.

What joy for us with evil once oppressed,
With discord and the mystery of life
That o'er our earthly way dark shadows cast
And filled our hearts with restless questioning,
Now from these Heavenly heights in cloudless light
To watch God's purpose ripen and to see
The strong and feeble come, the old and young
The high and low of earth by many ways!

XLVII.

These come in haste as flies the eager dove
O'er sea and land, swift to her distant home
Where safe from harm her nestlings lie in peace;
They saw the light celestial from afar
And pause not till they reach their journey's goal;
Chosen of God, elect to lead the way
Before the countless hosts that follow them
Slow struggling out of darkness into light.

XLVIII.

These grope in darkness with dull, blinded eyes
And cannot see the day that waits for them,
Till at the breaking of some heavenly dawn

With greater glory than the midday sun,
Flashes the light eternal on their night,
Through earthly films, like lightning in the gloom.

XLIX.

These, footsore, and with travel worn, retrace
Their willful steps through rugged thorny paths,
Scourged by the cruel scorpion-whips of sin-
Stern justice of inexorable love-
Until they loathe the hateful thing that barred
The way and from their birthright shut them out,
And there repenting of their sin, turn back
In shame and drag their weary feet towards home-
A mighty flood of souls from every land.

L.

No murky Styx, no poison river pours
Its deadly waters with pollution foul
Upon these blooming fields so bright and fair,
To desecrate the purity of Heaven.
The countless mingled waves of this vast stream,
Though borne in muddy torrents, or through black
And miry swampland, though on earth defiled
With many a stain and dark impurity,
Though dyed with blood and mixed with bitter tears,

"Though dyed with blood and mixed with bitter tears,
And only exchanged, though on earth defiled
Though borne in deadly torpors, or through bloom
To denounce the purity of heaven.
Upon these bloomtre fields so bright and fair,
To the family waters with pollution Dust
A mighty flood of souls from every land!
In shame and drag their weary feet towards home-
And there reparation of their sin, turn back
The way and from their birthright shut them out,
From fruition of inexorable love-
Their willful steps through rugged thorny paths,
XLIX.
Harden the lights seared on their nights,
With greater glory than the middle one,

Shall by the alchemy of that pure soil
Through which they flow upon their Heavenward course,
And by the sunlight's clarifying power---
Life-giving sunlight of Almighty Love---
So like to crystal shine that when they break
Upon celestial shores they shall make glad
With sounding praise the city of our God!
No little rivulet is this,confined
By narrow banks that fret its doubtful way;
All souls drift on the waters of this flood
Long as the course of time,wide as the world,
Deep as the heart's profound desire,the great
Home-coming of the human family!

LI.

Blest city,fairer than a blissful dream,
Home of my love,my longing soul's desire,
In whose fair golden courts my loved ones wait;
Homesick,afar,thy joys I faintly see.
Fade not so soon from mine enraptured sight;
Glow,crystal walls,with light ethereal glow;
Sparkle with precious gems,O ramparts high;

Home-coming of the human family!

Deep as the heart's profound desire, the years
Love as the course of time, with as the world,
All souls drift on the waters of this flood
By narrow banks that feel its doubtful way;
No little rivulet is this, confined
With sounding pains the city of our God!

Go like to crystal shine thee when any dream

And by the sunlight's clarifying power---

Dimmerck, afar, thy love I faintly see.
In those fair golden courts my loved ones wait;
Home of my love, my longing soul's desire,
Quiet city, fairer than a blissful dream,

Ye mighty bulwarks and foundations,blaze
With sapphire,emerald and amethyst;
Ye glorious gates of pearl,stand open wide
To welcome home the children of your King!
Ah,not till His last child has entered in,---
The last,lone,weary soul from the dead earth,---
Will God our Father bid you,portals fair,
Upon your golden hinges joyful swing
To sin and sorrow shut,to night and death.

LII.

And as I think upon that mystic flood,
Vast and resistless in its onward sweep,
Hid in the shadows of antiquity,
Flowing to ages yet unborn and dim,
Stretching beyond the reach of mortal eye,
My heart stands still in wonder at the sight,
Awed and subdued by its immensity!
O Christ,have our poor feeble minds conceived
A work too mighty for Thy saving power?
Have our fond hopes too great a burden laid
Upon Thy heart? Is universal peace
And concord sweet,evil destroyed,the right

Glorious, for ever there enthroned

In [illegible],- is this [illegible] vision fair,

The fleeting glory of a night, to fade

When we awake to [illegible]!

Lord, do we touch the border of [illegible]

Do we behold the outline of Thy [illegible]

Is this a foretaste of immortal bliss?

Or are we by some flitting light deceived,

Lured to perdition by a mocking dream?

III.

Have we not read that Thou one day wilt sit

Upon Thy glorious throne to judge the world,

All nations gathered in vast concourse there?

That [illegible] assize wilt judgment pass?

That Thou the good and evil wilt divide,

As from his sheep the shepherd parts his goats?

That Thou the good to heavenly joy wilt call?

[illegible] that Thou wilt there condemn

To suffer everlasting punishment,

And from Thy sight forever exiled be,

With demons cursed in everlasting fire?

LIV.

Has have these words of fear from age to age,-
Like some deep-tolling, signal bell of doom,-
Sounded hope's knell and [illegible],
By priestly craft enslaved the souls of men,
Sanctioned the torment of the rack and stake,
Made reason reel and totter from his throne,
Crushed bleeding hearts that mourn for loved ones lost-
Lost, if Thy love goes not beyond the grave,-
And with the bridal garments of Thy church
Mixed the habiliments of hopeless woe!

LV.

How many souls indignant at this tale
Of Heaven's injustice, spurn the proffered bliss
And turn away in loathing from a God
Called Love and Light, clothed with almighty power,
Who in the name of justice could inflict
Upon His children, sinful though they be,
Torment and cruel agony such as they
On their worst enemy would scorn to lay.

VI.

Men in their hearts despise this Mighty One,
Powerless to guide the souls that He has made!
How many brave, unselfish ones have grieved
For those they loved through sin and shame, though dead
In unrepented sin, and without hope,
With broken hearts, have longed to go to them,
Careless of Heaven, if they might share their fate;
So noble and so strong is human love!

VII.

How long, how long shall terror sit enthroned,
With iron heel to crush the hearts of men,
And rule the world by fear, where love should lead?
O Christ, forgive the wrong that we have done,
The cruel words that we have made Thee speak.

VIII.

Didst Thou not mean to say that ere the last
Of those that heard Thy words should taste of death,
Jerusalem the great should meet her doom,
In such o'erwhelming sorrow that the sun
And moon should veil their faces at the sight;
That e'en the stars should from the sky fall down
In seeming sympathy with her great fall,

And all the powers of heaven should shaken be;
That then the Chosen People of the Lord
Should see the ancient order pass away,
And desolation stalk throughout their land;
That then,among all nations of the earth
Thou wouldst Thy kingdom found on LOVE TO MAN,
And deeds of love should supersede the Law;
That service to Thy brethren Thou would'st take
As service done unto Thyself;that they
Who helped not needy men,whomThou dost love,
Should go henceforth,not to unending woe,
But,self-cursed by their selfishness and sin,
Go to aionial purifying fire
That would burn out their guilt and make them clean;
Suffer a just,reforming chastisement,
That like an age-long pruning would cut off
Their dead and withered branches,till they bear
Fruit for Thy garner,pleasing in Thy sight?

LIX.

Thou Patient One,how must Thou grieve to see
The slow,hard heart of man obscure Thy light,
As does the dark and dead moon's narrow disc
Eclipse the sun's resplendent face at noon!

Fulfilled the man's requirement Peace at noon!

As done the dark and dark noon's morrow time

The slow-fixed hours of men chronicle Thy time.

Upon Petition One,from whom Thou wishest to win

IIIX.

Unto Thy Throne, Heavenly in Thy might

People dead and without dimension,will they bear

That like an ever-lone burning would cut off

Be no mingled humility clone

Sun,self-armed by their self-fixedness and sin.

Should be benefactor,not to overwhelm me.

The helmet not ready man,whereupon does love.

As strived done unto Thyself;that they

That nothing to Thy protection Thou would'st take

And deeds of love should encompass the day;

Upon mountain Thy elevation found on LOVE TO MAN.

Then then,among all nations of the earth

Should see the ancient under pose only.

Then the Chosen People of the Lord

And all the powers of heaven should awaken by;

LX.

When from the language of the Orient,---
So warm with symbol and with imagery,---
Thy words to our cold western speech are brought,
How oft have men Thy better meaning missed,
Thine imagery to rigid dogma turned!

LXI.

If God is love and light, and if in Him
No darkness is, then love and light should lead,
And if we follow these, we shall find truth.

LXII.

Thou didst call God our Father, whose great heart
Burning with love for the rash prodigal,
His lost and wayward son, could not await
His coming, but with eager haste ran forth,
As from afar He saw him nearing home,
Weary of sin, and, falling on his neck
Rejoiced that He had found His child again.
Thou didst call God our Father, Thou didst show
This polar star to guide us in the night,
And any path that leads not towards that star,
Leads not to truth, but to some evil snare
Of man's device, or to some precipice!

LXIII.

1.

Did e'er thy father's strong and tender hand
Nurse thee through sickness back from death's dark strand,
Back from the chilly waters temp't thy soul
And by his care and watching make thee whole?

2.

Some day a Father's voice will call thee home,
Back from the land of shadows bid thee come;
Back from earth's fitful dream and death's alarm,
Led and protected by His mighty arm;---
Wake thee to life, glad strength no more to lack,
With all thine ailments cast behind thy back.

LXIV.

O gentle Shepherd, Thou didst tell of one
Who sought His willful, straying sheep afar
Until He found it in the wilderness.
He did not seek awhile till night came on
And the dark river lay across His path,
And there turn back and leave His sheep to die,
Torn by the wolves upon the mountains wild.
Not so short-lived and fickle was His love;
He sought until he found, and laying down

His sheep upon His shoulders,homeward turned
And to His flock and fold rejoicing came.
Lord, in that shepherd Thou Thyself didst show;
No cry of pain unheeded smites Thine ear,
No dusky river bounds Thy searching love;
Thou art not Saviour on the earth and then
When death is past, a stern, relentless Judge.
We trust Thy never-changing love, the same
From ancient days till now, from now till Thou
At last Thy flock complete to God shalt bring,
All wanderers found, all foes by Thee subdued,
Subdued by love, not fear, all conquering One,
Lord of the living and of all the dead!

XXV.

But we have read of that dread sin that no
Forgiveness hath in this world or the world
To come. Has not this terror drawn a cloud
Across the sun for many a saddened soul,
Anxious lest he at last should meet this doom?
How oft has reason staggered 'neath the load!
What gentle hearts in hopeless death have sunk,
Hunted by this grim spectre to the grave!

How many mock who fain would love the Lord
Could He forgive unto the uttermost,
Were His love greater than the greatest sin;
How many generous minds would never bow
Before a God who could refuse to grant
Forgiveness to an humble suppliant.

LXVI.

Have thou no part nor lot in such a thought,
My soul, believe it not, consent thou not
Thus to malign the Saviour's spotless name.
Upon Almighty God cast no such slur
Born of old error, of mistaken zeal
Or of some impious conspiracy
To forge, with this dread word, the fetters strong
That for long ages bound the minds of men
Imprisoned by a priestly tyranny.

LXVII.

Why read we this"world"and the"world"to come,
Nor seek some other meaning - era, age,-
That will not hope destroy, some other word
That will comport with God's high character?
How have we stumbled at these fearful words

From Him who bade us love our enemies,
That like our Heavenly Father we might be,
Who on the unjust and the just alike
The blessing of His rain bestows, who makes
His great, life-giving sun to rise and shine,
Reviving both the evil and the good;
Bade us forgive our brother though he sin
Against us many times oft multiplied,
And on the cross forgave His murderers!

LXVIII.

Nay Thou didst utter hot, indignant words,
The terrors of Thy wrath, O Lamb of God,
'Gainst all who should the Holy Spirit quench
Whenever it would move the hearts of men
With comfort for their sorrow, or would give
Fresh courage to Thy followers who faint
In their long, valiant warfare upon sin;
Or, through the gathering darkness would break forth
In flashes of new light from that clear day
That streams forever round the throne of God;-
Whether in time long past, when Thou didst walk
On earth, or when with noiseless footsteps Thou

Shouldst pass along the solemn corridor
Of centuries that leads to our late age.

LXIX.

How fierce the righteous wrath of love! Behold
The father sternly force his willful son
From suicidal crime; the mother stand
Between her child and shame, with flashing eyes
And eloquence of wrath; nay, the wild beast
Love's fury knows, when she defends her young.

LXX.

No sterner, fiercer words, O Christ, e'er fell
On mortal ear than when Thou didst arraign
The foes of truth who would the Spirit quench,
And hinder those who sought its voice to hear.
Then Thou, like fiery rain, upon their heads
Didst pour the maledictions of Thy wrath,
The fierce, relentless wrath of love, not hate,
Wrath in defence of trusting ones shut out
Hurl'dst Thou on keepers of the door of truth
Who closed it on meek faces, entering;
Wrath of upbraiding sorrow for the fate
Of faithless stewards courting dire distress

Of faithless stewards guarding dire decrees
Wrath of upbraiding sorrow for the fate
Who placed it on most trees, watering;
Don't put Thou on temples of the door of truth
The fires, relentless wrath of love, not hate,
Dimet pour its meditations of My mouth,
And hinder those who cripple its voice to hear.
On rested ear then Thou light evening

love's fiery waves, when sin tolerate her flame.
And eloquence of breath; nay, the wild beast
Between her child and shame, with flashing eyes
Upon suicidal ends; the mother weeps
The Father severely force His Will(s) on
Thou fixest the righteous wrath of love! Behold

IXIX.

Of countries that leads to our last age.
Shouldst pass along the solemn mountain

And age-long grief ere they should turn and live--
Needless, if they would heed Thy voice and turn.

LXXI.

Though men blaspheme the God who speaks to them
By all of Nature's faithful ministries,
By all the holy prophets of His word,
Yet may they be forgiven in this age:
But when a man blasphemes the God within--
The Holy Spirit brooding on his soul
To waken it to higher, holier life--
How hardly, in this age or that to come,
Shall he forgiveness find for his dread sin!

LXXII.

The man who conscience stifles, who calls right
That which he knows is wrong; who knows the good
Yet says to evil "Thou shalt be my good",
That man the intimacy of his God
Has violated, and with insult scorned
The bosom Friend who pleads with him in vain;
Who still with noiseless footstep follows him
To whisper in his ear at busy noon,
In unexpected places call his name;

To look upon him from the star-lit sky,
With deep, clear shining eyes to pierce his soul;
His sleep to startle with strange, troubled dreams
That do not fade, but echo through the day;--
Besetting day by day, before, behind,
To visit him with pain, remorse and woe
In this life and the life to come, unquenched
While sin remains to feed the flame; till he
Somewhere shall meet Him face to face, and there
Drawn by the love that would not let him go,
Conquered by faithful love,-- love stern but true,--
Unto his Father turns, a penitent.

LXXIII.

O Christ, defend us all in this our day,
From such dark sin; let us not dare to call
Thee servant of Beelzebub; to quench
The spirit, though it choose some lowly voice,
Some unknown follower of the Living God
To prophesy new truth,-- so old, yet new--
And from Thy royal treasury bring forth
Thy precious jewels to enrich mankind;

To show Thy grace more high, more deep, more vast,
Than man-made creeds and systems would allow.

LXXIV.

Thou art Incarnate Love, and when that Love
Has purged with fierce, long-lasting, penal fires
The dross from the pure gold in these [illegible] hearts,
God will, through untold ages yet to come
Show the exceeding riches of His grace
In kindness toward us through Thy saving name.
It is our sin God would destroy, not us;
All we His children are, and unto Him
Do mercies and forgivenesses belong;
For Love,-- our God,-- is a consuming fire,
Consuming human guilt, not living souls.

LXXV.

1.

To every cold or troubled heart
The treasures of Thy love impart;
Thy pity for each human woe
Lead us our brother-love to show;
Beneath Thy rule, O Prince of Peace,
May strife and sin and sorrow cease.

Hasten the coming of the time
When Love shall lead in every clime,
That long-expected, longed-for day
When all shall own Thy gentle sway,
Thy kingdom spread from sea to sea,
Thy praises fill eternity!

[XXV].

Didst Thou not also say, I am the Door?
Again Thou saidst, If any man shall knock,
It shall be opened unto him. And didst
Thou mean that for this little span of life
Thou wouldst receive the weary to thy home
And those who seek for rest and peace with Thee,
But that when death is past, and these blind eyes
That could not see on earth Thy loveliness,
Or dazzled by some fleeting joy, refused
Thy hospitality, didst Thou then mean
That when they turned again to seek Thy love,-
Perhaps in some far distant time and world,
Repenting of their sin and wasted years,
And humbly knocked for entrance to Thy home,-
Then Thou wouldst shut the door upon their cry,

And let them wander in their misery,
Cursing Thy name throughout unending time?
Lord, Thou didst set no bounds; Thou didst not say
"Till death", else wouldst Thou be the vanquished one
And death would triumph over Thee, Nay, Lord,
Forgive the thought; Thou art Thyself the Door--
No fortress gate whose slow reluctant hinge
Begrudges entrance to lost refugees,
This door admits us to our Father's house;
To each faint knock wide open is it thrown
And from within forth streams the light of home-
For whosoever unto Thee doth come
Thou wilt, O Christ, in no wise cast him out,
Nor time nor place can quench Thy boundless love,
But with those arms that were extended wide
Upon the bitter cross for all mankind
Thou wilt embrace and draw him to Thy heart.

LXXVII.

But will they come at last? How slow our hearts
To trust Thy brooding love, Thy boundless grace,
That with unwearied patience waits for us!

When Thou didst see the dreaded cross loom up
And throw its shadow o'er Thy lonely path,
Thou the far distant future then didst see
And mad'st a promise, great and wonderful,
That if Thou shouldst be lifted up above
The earth in mortal agony, Thou wouldst
Draw all men unto Thee. Thy word we trust,
How great that word, how comforting the thought!
Give us strong faith to trust Thy promise sure.

LXXVIII.

Why should we doubt Thy power? Shall the unseen
And silent current that pervades the earth
Draw the frail needle trembling in the storm
Where shipwreck threatens on tumultuous seas,
Or travelers wander, lost in forests dim,---
Shall this mysterious influence surely draw
The needle to the Pole until it points
Steadfast and true, and shall we doubt Thy power
To draw the heart of men unto Thine own?

LXXIX.

Shall the great burning sun that rules the sky
Hold in his grasp the planets as they roll

Give us strong faith to trust Thy promise sure.
How great that word, how comforting the thought!
Drew all men unto Thee. Thy word we trust,
The earth in mortal agony, Thou wouldst
That if Thou shouldst be lifted up above
And we'st a promise, great and wonderful,
Then the far distant future then didst see
And threw its shadow o'er Thy lonely path,
When Thou didst see the dreaded cross loom up

In solemn order through the realms of light;
Send forth his mighty forces and turn back
The flaming comet in his headlong flight,
Back from the awful depths of unknown space
The blazing fugitive recall, and make
This wonder of the heavens obedient come?
Shall suns and systems scattered far and wide
Throughout lone regions measureless to thought,
Worlds new-born, nebulous, in vapor swathed,
Fierce molten globes with fiery cyclones torn,
Rock-ribbed and sea-girt planets whirling by,
Dead worlds, dark phantoms of the firmament,
Vast seed and blossom, fruitage and decay,
In ceaseless march and wheel and countermarch
Through the thick-woven orbit-maze of space,---
Shall each its pathway keep, its course fulfill,
No clash of worlds, no dread collision shake
The universe with terror and dismay;---
Shall these harmonious orbs roll on in peace,
Obedient to the all-persuasive power
Of far Alcyone, great central sun
Which leads these hosts forever on and on

We know not whither and we know not how;---
And shall not God, who rules these marshalled worlds,
Order the ways of His own fowls
And from sin's chaos lead the sons of men?
Or shall we doubt that Thou, O Christ, canst draw
Unto Thyself all souls, though dark with sin,
In far off regions lost to all but Thee?

LXXX.

But must we ever follow, never lead?
Are we not free? May we not choose our way?
Shall this o'ermastering force compel consent?
Is loss of liberty the price of bliss?

LXXXI.

Spirit of Freedom, thou dost love the sea,
Trackless and storm-tossed ocean wild and free,
Faint symbol of thine own eternity.
The seagulls wheel and soar and fearless roam,
The stormy petrel dashes through the foam;
The mighty billows heave, the tempests roar,
The proud waves break along the sounding shore
And chant the song of freedom, evermore!

LXXXII.

Thou dost delight in every mountain side
Far from the eager strife and toil of men,
Where like Thy Spirit, blows the unfettered wind,
Where in sweet freedom roam the untamed deer,
Where high above the darkling forest's gloom
The eagle soars rejoicing on his way!

LXXXIII.

Author and God of freedom, Thou dost love
The mountains range on range, with glory crowned,
Kissed by the setting sun as fades the day,
These peaks climb heavenward towards Thy dwelling place.
There Freedom's voice resounds from crag to crag,
There plunging torrents her glad anthem raise,
There avalanches shout her deathless name!

LXXXIV.

Thou low'st the cataract's majestic curve
Whose waters rush impetuous, thundering down
To misty depths with hovering iris crowned,
Whence Freedom's lofty paeans heavenward roll
And mighty voices stir the listening soul!

LXXV.

Author and God of freedom, Thou dost plant
In every heart a longing to be free.
Thou to the patriot's arm dost courage give
To battle with oppression and to strike
The tyrant dead, to break the serpent's brood.
Thou dost inspire a love of liberty
That brooks no priestly bondage of the soul.
Thou lovest the eager thought and life of men
Conscious of strength and their high parentage.
Thou wouldst not have us bow in abject fear
And our reluctant homage to Thee pay,
Wrung from us by o'erpowering majesty.

Wouldst Thou not have us sons of God, free-born,
Free like Thyself, as we Thine image bear?
Dost Thou not call us to high enterprise,
To master earth and sea and scale the heavens,
To broader conquests, larger victories,
To higher triumphs of self government,
To share Thy wondrous thoughts and walk with Thee?

LXXXVI.

O sacred Freedom, man has loved thee long,
And long for thee his precious blood has shed;
In this thy new-found home forever dwell,
Thyself an angel show, full panoplied
Oppression to destroy, old wrongs to right,
The weak to guard and untold hopes fulfill;
Hopes of brave martyrs and of patriots gone
Who died rejoicing that thou couldst not die;
Hopes for the time to come, the brighter day
When men no more their fellows shall oppress.
The flying rumors of thy coming power
Affright the tyrant hearing thy great name,
While glimmering hope lights many a wistful eye
From thy new splendor in the western sky!

Throw thy new splendor in the vestures on!

While glimmering hope lights many a wistful eye

Affright the tyrant learning thy great name,

The flying rumors of thy coming power

"Men! men no more their tidings shall oppress,

Hopes for the time to come, the brighter day

"No dead rejoicing that thou couldst not die;

Hopes of brave martyrs and of patriots gone

The week to guard and uncold hopes fulfil!

Oppression to destroy, old wrongs to right,

Thy vault in ancient Rhom, full panoplied

In this thy new-found home, forever dwell,

And long for thee his precious blood hue shed;

O sacred freedom, man has loved thee long,

To share thy wondrous triumphs and walk with Thee

To higher triumphs of self government,

To master earth and see and seek the heaven,

Does Thou not call us to high enterprise,

True like Thyself, as Thou these times bear?

"Would Thou not have us sons of God, free-born,

LXXXVII.

1. By love of Freedom led
Our Pilgrim Fathers fled
Over the sea.
Here long they toiled and prayed,
Here deep foundations laid,
Here they a stronghold made
For Liberty.

2. Long they for freedom fought,
And with their life-blood bought
Our native land,
Where now in peace we dwell;
Low grassy mounds still tell
Where many a hero fell
With sword in hand.

3. Led by that noble band,
Millions from every land
Have hither come.
For some exalted end
Doth God His children send,
And here all nations blend
In our fair home.

1. By love of freedom led

Our Pilgrim fathers fled

Over the sea.

There found they toiled and [illegible]

There deep foundations laid,

There they a sanctuary made

For liberty.

2. Long they for freedom fought,

[illegible]

Where now in peace we dwell;

Loe graves mounds still tell

Where many a hero fell

With sword in hand.

3. Led by that noble band,

Millions from every land

Have hither come.

For some exalted end

Both God His children send,

And here all nations blend

In our fair home.

4. Nourished by Freedom, here
Shall a new race appear,
From many, one;
Beneath her ample shield,
Upon this widespread field,
Shall ancient strifes be healed,--
New life begun.

5. Here will the Lord make plain
Things men have sought in vain
Since the world's morn.
Called forth by Freedom's might,
Here first shall see the light
Vast powers for man and right
As yet unborn!

6. Guard then our treasure well,
Let no base traitor sell
Freedom for gold;
Gift of the Lord of Love,
Sent from the heavens above,
Strong eagle, gentle dove,
At one behold!

LXXXVIII.

1. Lov'st thou the voice of ocean's breaking wave,
The spirit of the mountains wild and free;
Hast thou a patriot's heart thy land to save,
And know'st thou then no loftier liberty?

2. Dost thou not long to break the galling chain
That binds thee to a slave's dull, narrow life?
Dost thou not long to be a child again,
Free from life's bondage and unceasing strife?

3. If thou wouldst manhood's dream of freedom know,
And feel thyself indeed creation's heir,
Seek thou His liberty who loves thee so
That He would gladly all thy burdens share.

4. Seek thou the freedom of the Son of God,
Who came thy princely birthright to reveal;
Who bore the stroke of thine oppressor's rod;
Who died thy glorious liberty to seal!

1.

2.

3.

4.

LXXXIX.

Our hearts cry out for freedom, we would be
Unshackled, Mighty Parent, as Thou art,
But is the fearful price of freedom risk
Of utter loss and ruin, and must that
Dark shadow ever haunt her footsteps fair
With awful shapes of terror and despair?

XC.

What then is freedom's limit, where its end,--
This precious boon by Heaven bestowed on men,
This priceless right to every creature dear--
What, in the last analysis but this:
Each power and faculty divinely given
In fullest scope to use and to enjoy
Within the metes and bounds that God has set?

XCI.

Has He full license given to erring man,
Would He bestow upon us unchecked power
Ourselves to ruin, His own work to spoil,
Himself to mock, His purpose to defeat?
Here is our limit, here our freedom ends-

XXXIX.

Our hearts cry out for freedom, we would be
Unshackled, Mighty Parent, as Thou art.
But is the fearful price of freedom that
Of utter loss and ruin, and must dart
Dark shadow over hearts bor footsteps fair
With awful shapes of terror and disspair?

XL.

What then is freedom's limit, where lie and,--
This precious boon by Heaven bestowed on man;
This priceless right to every creature dear--
What, in the last analysis but this:
Each power and faculty divinely given
In fullest scope to use and to enjoy
Within the metes and bounds that God has set?

XLI.

Has He full license given to murder man,
Would He bestow upon us unbecked power
Ourselves to ruin, His own work to spoil;
Kinsalf to mock, His purpose to defeat?
Here is our limit, here our freedom ends--

Man may climb high but cannot God dethrone,

God is still Sovereign and His rule supreme.

XCII.

Above the clouds the soaring eagle mounts

High o'er his lofty home but there must halt;

Though stout of heart he vainly, vainly beats

With baffled wing the thin and yielding air.

XCIII.

Wild storms across the ocean rage uncurbed,

Till on the rockbound coast they rush amain,

Where ancient, weather beaten crags, unmoved

By all the tumult of the thundering sea,

Disdainful hurl the invading legions back

And mock the fury of the winds and waves.

XCIV.

We who for boundless freedom long, are held

By iron fetters on this little sphere

That floats, an atom, through the realms of space.

Feebly we come from darkness into light

And swift to darkness fly away again;

We come when called, we go when summoned hence,

Free may we seem, yet are we firmly bound.

Man may climb high but cannot dethrone.
God is still Sovereign and His rule supreme.

XXII.

Above the clouds the sunrise daily mounts
High o'er his lofty home but there must dwell;
Though aloof of heart he vainly passes
With puffed wing thy plain and yielding air.

XIII.

Will on the reckoned ocean stay push again.

Will on the unchanging sea.

And mock the fury of the winds and waves.

Disdainful bury the invading legions deep

By iron fetters on this little sphere

We who for boundless freedom long, are paid

That floats, as soon, through the realms of space.

Meekly we come from darkness into light

And swift to darkness fly away again;

We come when calling, we go when summoned home.

Man may be seen. Not are to Time's pound.

Hunger and penury, disease and death,
The wayward elements, the heat and cold,
The storms and tempests of our earthly lot
Mark out the limits of our liberty.
Freedom is hedged with adamantine walls
We cannot climb, and cannot overthrow,
Upon them pass and re-pass sentinels
Divinely set to keep inviolate
The holy-ground of God's prerogative.

XCV.

I.

From the vexed shore I watched the storming main;
The trembling earth recoiled and shook again
As from the blows of some gigantic hand
That hurled the billows high upon the sand;
Rejoicing thought I: Mighty though thou art,
Less mighty thou, O Sea, than man's brave heart.

Thou canst not heave thy raging waves so high
But some proud keel thy fury will defy;
Thou hast no depths so gloomy or profound
Man with his daring plummet may not sound,
And while thy tempests and tornadoes roar?
He whispers through the deep, from shore to shore.

XCVI.

No petty bounds has God around us drawn,
Nor will He close us in a narrow space;
Undaunted and unsatisfied the soul
Of man cries out for other, larger worlds;
Not any world, nor all the worlds can sate
That quenchless thirst God only can appease.
Hear the Creator to His children say,---
"I, I alone will lead and make you free,
And ye shall rule with me and shall command
Obedient, subtle forces that control
The mighty movements of the universe;
And princes ye shall be, the sons of God.
For I will give you larger freedom far
Than mortal heart has ever dared conceive
In all its wildest dreams of liberty!"

XCVII.

I stood below the blazing dome of night;
My spirit shrank within me at the sight;
I was as nothing, yea the earth was lost
In the still presence of that mighty host;
Yet from the heavens I heard a whisper fall,
"Rejoice, O man, thy Father made them all."

XCVIII.

Free through our Father's kingdom shall we roam,
With treasure stored, against our coming home;
Explore the labyrinth of worlds on high,
Whose distant glory lights the midnight sky;
And He will lead us o'er the glittering plain
And show the wonders of His vast domain;---
Show us the works that He for us had wrought
When we were living only in His thought.
There will He show us fields for nobler strife
And room for wider, ever wider life.
So measureless His wealth, so great His might
That if He gave us each an orb of light,
A glorious world to rule, our own to call,
He still would have enough to spare for all!

Yet, from the throne of His almighty power
He stoops to paint the tiny wayside flower;
In pity sees the little wounded bird
Whose death-cry by no other ear is heard;
And on the trusting child-heart, meek and pure,
His greater kingdom founds, forever to endure.

XCIX.

Sin may deceive and we afar may stray,
Our evil hearts our Maker may defy,
And Retribution with her face of steel,
Her form of terror and her heart of love,
Our steps may follow with majestic mien,
Point out our rugged way with fiery sword,
Relentless, scourge us on to keen remorse,
And terrible may be our agony
Until with bleeding feet we reach the goal.
Then with a clearer vision shall we see
Stern Retribution, her long warfare over,
Loosen her corselet, doff her visor grim,
Lay from her dreadful form the linked mail
And show her face,--- the radiant face of Love!
For love at last must triumph over all,

For love at last must triumph over all,
And show her face,--- the radiant face of Love;
Lay from her dreadful form the lifted maul
[illegible],
[illegible],
Then with a clearer vision shall we see
And terrible may be our agony
Until with bleeding feet we reach the goal,
Relentless, scourge us on to high remorse,
Point out our rugged way with fiery sword,
Our steps may follow with melodic rhythm,
For form of terror and her insect of love,
And Retribution with her face of steel,
Our evil hearts our Maker may defy,
Sin may deceive and we after may stray,

XXIX.

The greater kingdom founds, forever to endure,
And on the trusting child-heart, meek and pure,
Whose death-cry by no other ear is heard;
In pity sees the little wounded bird
He stoops to paint the tiny wayside flower;
Yet, from the throne of His almighty power

Nor sin nor death from God's strong hand may snatch
His offspring, for whose sake He made the worlds.

C.

Would God our Father wake us from our sleep,---
The deep and dreamless sleep of nothingness,---
To offer us a slender, mocking chance?
Would He have called His children into life,
Vast throng of souls, unnumbered and unknown,
Through untold ages, in far sundered lands
Where they in darkness sat, nor knew His name,---
Think you that He would call them forth for this?
Is His free gift,--- our glorious heritage,---
The sport of chance and coupled with a snare?
Is chance co-partner with the Lord of Hosts?
Shall circumstance of birth, or time, or place,
Defeat His will and spoil our destiny?

CI.

We may be fellow laborers with God,
But 'tis of grace He lets us work with Him
That of His joy a foretaste we may know.
Slight need has He that any human hand
Should steady,with presumptuous touch, the ark,---

The golden ark that bears man's destiny---
Upon its journey toward His Holy Place
Whither, in serried ranks, the generations march!

CII.

Would God our Father scatter living souls
Like seeds that flutter in the aimless wind,
Borne here and there upon the ruthless blast
That reeks not where they fall-- in fertile soil
To live, or on the arid sands to die?--
Lost seeds may feed the hungry fowl, but God
Will glut no ravenous Moloch with the seed
Of His immortal being, nor cast forth
His offspring, careless where they drift or fall!--
Should our Almighty Parent treat us so,
How Evil, insolent with growing power,
Would lift its taunting voice and God deride;
How blighting Chaos his lost sway would claim,
And order back to wild confusion fly!
O Love, thou blushest at the unworthy thought,
O Justice, what a libel on thy name,
O Darkness, what a triumph over light!
Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?

CIII.

Whither upon this strange and changeful sea--
Now calm, now joyful, sparkling in the sun
As if a million diamonds rained from heaven,
Now dark with gathering clouds, now swept by storm--
Drifts my frail bark, beset with doubts and fears?
I cannot clearly see, the night comes on,
The hoarse gale winds its bellowing trumpets wild,
And like a shroud the dread mist wraps me in.
I fear the night, I hear the breakers grind
Upon the cruel, threatening rocks. But still
To guide me on my way, to quell my fear,
From the far shores with oft repeated tones
I hear His steady signal blowing loud
Through the thick night, above the tempest's roar,
With clarion voice proclaiming "God is Love",
Repeating in the darkness, "God is Love".
In vain the angry winds that voice defy,
In vain their tumult would His signal drown,
In vain the murky fog would smother it;
Through all the storm, through all the doubt and gloom,
I hear the broken echoes answer, "Love--
Love--God is Love--is Love--is Love--Love--Love--!"

"Through all the storm, through all the drops and gloom,
I hear the broken solemn murmur, "Forev--
In vain the misty fog would smother it;
In vain the dusky fog would deaden it;
In vain their sweet sound would die stunned dumb;
In vain the misty winds their notes waste;
With clarion voice proclaiming "God is Love,"
I hear like steady eternal pleading love
From the far plains with oft repeated sorrow
To guide me on my way, to guard my feet,
Upon the sound, tirelessly rocks. But still
I fear the night." I hear the breakers crying
And like a shroud the dread mist wraps me in.
The moorne pale winds the battlestar lamplets vile.
I cannot clearly see, the night comes on.
Where's my trail gone, beset with doubts and fears?
Nor dock with pestering clouds, nor knoll by storm--
Be it a million diamonds natural from heaven,
Nor sun, nor joyful, sparkling in the sun
Whether upon this strange and changeful scene--

CIV.

If any single soul shall drift in woe,
Lost on a shoreless sea in endless storm,
Or hopeless sink, engulphed in the abyss,---
No floating spar, no hand outstretched to save
From the unpitying water's awful swirl,---
Plunged headlong down to everlasting night,
In darkness quenched, a living soul destroyed,
Will not God's thought for it have been in vain,
His ancient promises be unfulfilled,
The triumph of the Cross be incomplete,
And victory be mingled with defeat?

CV.

When our last earthly moorings are cast off
And all our fluttering sails are set to find
That unknown land hid in deep mystery,
Will not His kindly beacon safely guide
Our tossing bark into some haven fair,
Our Pilot waiting for us at the bar?

V.

1.

Ah, never sank a sinning soul so low,
But God's paternal hand could deeper go
His sinking child to save.

2.

Though shipwrecked by sin's overwhelming weight,
God's hand has rescued from as hard a fate
Some other castaway.

3.

How shall I set a limit to His grace,
How dare I cloud the glory of His face?---
Abide His time; have faith through weary days
That at the last each soul shall sing His praise
Who moulds the hearts of men.

VI.

If man can find a way to reach the dark
Imprisoned mind when every sense is dead,
Deaf ears and sightless eyes, nor any speech,
And light and comfort to the prisoner bring,---
Cannot the Lord the dormant soul arouse
Though buried in a dungeon black as night?
A ray of His pure light some entrance find
To wake the sleeper and dispel the gloom?

"II.

If man can tame the fierce and ruthless beast
Filled with wild passion and the lust for blood,
If in that shaggy breast man can implant
A germ of love for him who gives him food,---
Cannot the Lord in man's rebellious heart
Kindle a spark, in some forgotten cell
Of His own temple, ruined and unused,
That smouldering long, perhaps unfelt, unseen,
With stench of smoke or faint, uncertain glow,
Will burst at last to flame in the dark night
Fanned into life by some strong wind of Heaven
And blazing, signal from its distant hill
An answer to His beacon-light of love?

"III.

If when the tree is withered, parched and dead,
Refreshing rains can wake in the deep root
New life that shoots from darkness to the day
With verdure glad and bright with blossoms fair,---
Cannot the Lord with all His gracious showers
Of living waters reach dead, sterile souls,
Long heedless of His love, and make them feel

The breathing of His Spirit like the Spring,
And bud and bloom, with precious fruit to grace
Celestial gardens of the King of Kings?

CIX.

1.

See where the sun in fiery splendor sinking
Shoots down his rays athwart the misty clouds;
After his journey, cooling vapors drinking,
Ere he his face in growing darkness shrouds.

2.

If the great sun with life awakening power,
From ocean's breast, from stream and lake and fen
Rich treasure draw therewith the earth to dower
When poured upon the parched ground again;---

3.

Cannot the Lord, the wills of men compelling
By love's attractive power to seek His face,
Waken new life where'er He makes His dwelling
Amid the scattered embers of His grace;---

Waken new life in blessed fountains flowing
From hearts unused to do their fellows good;
Streaming to every land, forever growing
Unto a universal brotherhood?

CX.

Lofty the patriot's love of Fatherland
As on the battle-field with open arms
He rushes on the foe in fierce embrace,
And gathering to his heart a sheaf of spears,
Exulting cries "Make way for liberty!"

CXI.

Strong are the bonds of friendship firm and tried,
Soul answering soul in sweet communion true.
Two friend for friend upon the scaffold mount,
Before the unsuspecting headsman kneel
And, life for life ransoming with a smile,
Pay for his friend the last dread penalty!

CXII.

Royal the lover of his fellow men
Whose heart with pity springs the weak to aid.
Though furious breakers wildly plunge and roar,

Unto a universal benevolence?

The life-boat bears him to the shipwrecked crew,
Lashed to the frozen rigging in despair;
A succor to the helpless left alone,
When from the stricken town the people fly
The pestilence, as leaves before the storm;
Moving among the wounded and the dead,
Where pity's angels raise the Red Cross banner;
Self-exiled on the lepers' lonely isle,
Content with them to dwell, with them to die
If he may help them bear their hopeless lot;
A brother to the captive in his cell-
Sick and in prison and disconsolate-
Unknowing, visits and consoles his Lord!-

CXIII.

Ah, love and love alone will solve
All the vast, threatening questions that distract
Mankind, that fellowmen in strife array,
And the whole world with fierce contention rend.
Still keep your idle millions under arms--
Fed on the borrowed substance of the poor--
Still watch each other with keen jealousy,
Still slaughter thousands on the field of war,

Or strive with statesman's craft to arbitrate;
Thread the sly mazes of diplomacy,
Try communistic cures for every ill,
And when all fails at last for lack of love,
Try love--the mightiest of them all--and win!

CXIV.

Tender affections at the hearthstone dwell,
Foregleams of heavenly bliss that hallow home?
O gentle sister, thy sweet ministry
Softens like angel's touch the couch of pain--
What purer love has earth to show than thine?--
Wondrous the marvel and the spell of love
That clothes the earth with new and tender light
Shed from the halo round the loved one's brow
And for the lover makes creation new!
O wedded love, how like the echoes fly
From heart to heart, unceasing to and fro,
The pain, the joy, the rapture evermore;
What magic this, of twain to make but one!

"What mantle, Iris, of tints to make but one!

This pain, this joy, the rapture summons;

Upon heart to heart, unceasing to and fro,

O wedded love, how like the copious sky

[illegible]

Shed from the halo round the loved one's brow

That clothes the earth with day and tender light

Wondrous the marvel and the spoil of love

"But prayer love has power to plow when thine?--

Softens like angel's touch the ought of pain--

O gentle sister, thy sweet mistake!

[illegible]

"Under afflictions at the hand[illegible] dwell."

CXIV.

Thy love--thy mightest of them all--and yet!

And when all Italia at last for Jack of love,

Thy communistic curse for every ill,

Upset the sly masse of diplomacy,

[illegible]

CXV.

Stronger than death, or life, or death in life
The mother true recks not of ease or pain
So she may comfort and defend her child,
A refuge sure when other there is none.
O little arms that softly round her twine,
Cling with your tendrils to this sacred tree,
That with perennial beauty ever blooms-
We need no farther go Heaven's peace to find.
O father, living over early days
In boyish pastimes with thy first born son,
Thou knowest whether love be strong or no.
O infant, smiling in thy father's arms,
Lone rescued waif from the wild storm of death
Engulfing mother, children, and save thee,
Soft on his stricken heart a blessing lie--
Night-blooming-cereus in his midnight gloom--
At early dawn of thy dear life. What more
Of comfort for the past's dark mystery
Could Heaven bestow to keep [illegible]

CXVI.

Such noble gleams of love our life adorn--
So full of sordid care and hard routine--

Like precious jewels in an iron crown;

But what are these new sparks from that great flame

That unconsumed, burns like a central sun

With light too strong for our dull, mortal sight?

What, but slight ripples on that boundless sea

Whose waters wrap the globe in their embrace,

And wash the shores of every distant isle?

What, but faint pulses of the mighty stream

That flows forever from the heart of God!

CXVII.

1.

Do well thy part

With hand and heart;

Nor let low care

Thy spirit wear;

And when thou feel'st how poor and weak thou art,

Lean thou thy head on God's almighty heart.

2.

The fight is long,

The foe is strong;

Thy strength is small,

And fears appal;

Fret not thyself to know how soon the strife will end,

For thou mayst safely leave it all to God thy Friend.

CXVIII.

O Thou whose name is Love, dost Thou not long
To draw each child of Thine unto Thyself?
Art Thou then God and canst not claim Thine own?
Cannot Thy perfect wisdom find a way
Hard hearts to reach and stubborn wills to change?
Will not Thy power all obstacles o'ercome,
Omnipotence and Wisdom serving Love?

CXIX.

But are not mind and matter under law?
And is there not in sin a law that drags
Us step by step to lower, darker depths
Until we perish in the foul abyss?

He rules by law, His law is over all
Who first appointed day and night, Who set
The rolling seasons in procession fair;---
The hope of spring, the summer's life and joy,
The fruit of autumn and the winter's cold;---
Who gave a restless longing to the tide
That follows the bright moon from shore to shore,
Led by the witching spell of her fair face.

"XXI.

1.

Well I recall the night
Of one fair summer day!
A tender, rosy light
Caressed the rippling bay;

2.

The sunset glory fell
Athwart heaven's arches high,
Till like a vast sea-shell
Transfigured rose the sky.

3.

Down from the opal height
A pearl shone on the deep;
Hung on the breast of night
To grace her balmy sleep.

4.

The moonbeams on the sea
A flood of glory came
From the fair moon to me;---
Where'er I turned, the same!

3.

Why should the Queen of Night

Reach out her silver wand

And lay a path of light

To me upon the sand?

3.

Would she her secret show?

Am I her chosen one?

Why follow where I go?

Am I Heaven's favored son?

4.

Fool, on whatever distant strand

The moon a man this night shall meet,

To him she points her mystic wand

And lays a pathway to his feet,---

There's light and love in Heaven's rich store

For every man, on every shore!

Why should the Queen of Night

Reach out her silver wand

And lay a path of light

To me upon the sand?

Am I her chosen one?

Pool, on whatever distant strand

The moon a man this night shall meet,

To him she points her mystic wand

And lays a pathway to his feet,—

There's light and love in Heaven's rich store

CXXII.

The cyclone and tornado that we fear
Are but the eddies of the constant winds,
Those currents vast, those great aerial tides
That flow by His command from zone to zone,
Laden with blessings for the thirsty land.
By His great power all forces interchange,---
One universal force of many forms,
Emblem and effluence of His unity;---
By His deep thought the electric current runs
To move a million wheels at man's behest,
From motion unto heat, from heat to light;---
Light born of light of long primeval days,
Deep hidden till man's need should call it forth
From sunless caverns black with ancient gloom.---
At His command the elements, in haste,
Each with its own affinity, combine
In countless forms of order and of grace,---
The smooth-cut crystal and the spiral shell,
Bird plumage and the blushing flowers of Spring,
The tinted autumn leaf, the snowy wreath;---
He to each atom gives relentless law.

CXXIII.

He who created heavenly orbs to roll
In paths marked out by His almighty hand
That will not let them swerve from age to age;
Who moves the hearts of men to will and do---
While mind, unknowing, follows His deep law,---
By law He rules, but of it all the soul,
The reason, motive, aim and end is love;
For man's eternal good His laws were made,---
To save one soul He would annul them all!

CXXIV.

God rules by law, but law can never bind
His sovereign power, or to His will set bounds
Who made the worlds and called us from the dust.
He has no master, law is not His lord,
'Tis but the record of His way, the path
Made by His footsteps through the universe.
Untrammelled and alone His way He takes---
And who shall say His path He may not choose?---
While nature with her wondrous processes,
And inarticulate speech in myriad tongues,

Unutterable longings, strives in vain
His majesty and changeless purpose to proclaim.

CXXV.

He whose vast movements look to our weak sight
Like changeless laws, inexorably fixed,
Sole legislator is, the Primal Cause
Of all the stately order of the world;
Sole Legislator and Executor,
Whose attributes are justice, wisdom, power,
Whose name, above all other names, is Love.

CXXVI.

He who each atom guards so jealously
That in great nature's ever changing forms
No particle is lost, no waste is made
Of her stupendous energy; who clothes
The lilies of the field in regal hues,
Who hears the hungry raven's cry for food,
Who sees each little sparrow as it falls,
Will surely never let a precious soul,---
Breath of His breath, life of His life,---drift off
Into eternal night beyond His reach,
In self-wrought ruin wrecked, an utter loss;

Will not permit the will of man to thwart
His will supreme, nor let another sit
Upon His throne, and the dark powers of Hell
And anarchy usurp His government.

CXXVII.

God is a spirit. They who worship Him
Must worship Him in spirit and in truth.
God is a spirit. He enfolds the world
In His embrace as flows the atmosphere
Around the earth, submerging all thereon
In viewless waves. In Him we live and move
As in the all-pervading air. In Him
We have our being and He is not far
From every one of us; more intimate,
More necessary than the air we breathe.
Nor is He only here in our small world;
If we on wings of swiftest thought ascend
And scale the highest heavens, yet is He there,
And like the subtle ether, bathes all worlds,
O'erflowing boundless interstellar voids.
If, fleeing Him, we make our bed in Hell,
There too is God; even there through all the gloom

His sunrise breaks to herald coming day!
We have no measure for Him, time is naught
And space too small, our thought He doth elude.
When we would give Him highest praise, and call
Him Light and Love, we stumble in our night,
Lisping faint echoes only of His name!

CXXVIII.

Of Him and to and through Him all things are,
He fills the earth, the sea, the air with forms
In number infinite, a countless host.
He from His treasury with generous hand
His boundless riches scatters far and wide;
He peoples ocean depths and forest wilds,
The wilderness and busy haunts of men
With teeming life in vast profusion poured
From His exhaustless fount in swelling floods
From year to year, Great Source and Soul of life!
Endless variety, each life a thought
Of God, unique, incarnate thought divine.
How precious are Thy thoughts to me, O God!
How great the sum of them! If I should count them
Lo, they are more in number than the sand!

All things, all men, all movements, all events
Subserve the varied phases of His thought---
At one in the vast sweep of His design---
All tributary to the stream that flows
From age to age His purpose to fulfill.
To us the sluggish stream meanders slow,
With many an eddying pool and backward turn;
To His clear sight, through His unwasting years,
A mighty river rushes to the sea,
Sprung from the depths of His majestic unity.

VIII.

1.

How strong art Thou, Great Son of God?
Canst Thou bid sin's wild tumult cease?
Canst Thou destroy oppression's rod
And lead the nations forth in peace?

2.

Great Son of God, art Thou so strong
That we may safely cling to Thee,
Assured, though troubles round us throng,
Thy triumph we at last shall see?

3.

Great Son of God, art Thou so strong
That Thou o'er all wilt Victor be,
And lead behind Thee Death and Wrong,
Spoils of Thy mighty victory?

4.

Canst Thou with life's dark evils cope?
Dost Thou our fears and sorrows know?
Canst Thou fulfill immortal hope?
Or must we to some other go?

.

To whom, to whom then shall we turn,
Whose hand will point our homeward way?
What other friendly beacons burn
With light to guide us to the day?

CXXX.

He for us men, to share our toil and pain
And grief and lead us to immortal joy,
Dwelt in our flesh that we might see His face;
And that dread Face, on which no mortal man
Could look and live, before whose searching light
The earth and heaven fled and there was found

And grief and lead me to immortal joy,

No place for them, that Face, veiled in our flesh,
Veiled as the sun's fierce splendor in the moon,
The moonlight in the placid water's gleam,
So full of grace and help and brotherhood,
Shall draw us to Himself until all men
In every clime, shall seek and find their Lord.

CXXXI.

1.

O Desire of every nation,
Canst Thou lead me to the goal,
Hast Thou truth's clear revelation,
Hast Thou quiet for my soul?

2.

For Thy rest my heart is yearning,
Make my peace and joy complete,
Meekly of my Teacher learning,
See me waiting at Thy feet.

3.

Mighty Saviour, Elder Brother,
Draw me nearer, nearer Thee,
Be my guide, I have no other,
Lead to perfect liberty.

Boo-ms waiting at Thy Toes.

Mostly of my Teacher Journals.

Have no peace and joy complete.

quiet for my soul?

4.

Give me of Thy Heavenly treasure,
Let me Thy great glory see,
Heir of triumph without measure,
Show Thy way to victory!

CXXXII.

Thou who the wrath of men didst bear
And meekly his reviling took,
Who would his pain and sorrow share
Though cruel man his Friend forsook,
Tell me what wondrous recompense Thy love will give
To men who would not suffer Thee with him to live!

CXXXIII.

1.

Is it a mighty, rushing wind
Whose hurried breath I feel,
Do echoes of the thunder deep
Roll nearer, peal in peal?
The Spirit of Almighty God
I thought, swept quickly by;

Great Messenger of love to man
With blessings from on high.

2.

The silent hosts of Heaven are hushed
In awe, with one accord
They all expectant wait to hear
The answer of their Lord,
That with a greater joy makes glad
The realms of heavenly bliss
And lights with gracious Hope's bright dawn
Earth's sorrow, Sin's abyss!

CXXXIV.

And then upon my ear there fell a voice
That banished fear and bade my heart rejoice,
As if all voices that I love, combined
In one sweet harmony were intertwined:---

[illegible].

1.

Crucified in shame and anguish,
Left in mortal pain to languish,
Broken-hearted and alone;
Powers of evil then o'ertook me,
God Himself, I thought, forsook me,
Darkness gathered round His throne.

2.

Then like billows o'er me breaking,
While the earth with fear was shaking,
All the sorrows of the world
Filled my heart to overflowing,
And the tempest fiercely blowing,
On my head its fury hurled.

3.

In the darkness round me fluttered
Frightful forms that wildly uttered
Cries that smote me with dismay;
Cries from all the world, bewailing
Every woe mankind assailing,
Rose from out the vast array.

4.

Cries of scorn my love denying,
Cries of hate my love defying,
Cries of terror, loss and pain;
Man his brother man tormenting,
Crafty malice unrelenting,
Captives galled with slavery's chain.

5.

War the whole world desolating,
Home and honor desecrating,
Fierce ambition's tyranny;
Woman's tears in terror flowing,
Helpless babes no mercy knowing,
Massacre and infamy.

6.

Might o'er right and truth prevailing,
Brutal force the weak assailing,
Who for mercy plead in vain;
Base assassins darkly creeping
On unconscious victims, sleeping
Nevermore to wake again.

7.

Plague and famine grimly stalking,
Hand in hand together walking,
Like twin terrors through the lands;
Stricken men like dead leaves falling,
Loud for bread, for succor calling,
Reaching out weak, helpless hands;

8.

Darkness veiling every nation,
Ignorance and degradation,
Like an overshadowing cloud;
Grovelling shapes of superstition,
Hostile to my heavenly mission,
Uttering imprecations loud;

9.

Sin, a ravening monster prowling,
For new victims ever howling,--
What foul demon gave it birth!--
Sin a mighty flood o'erflowing
Every bulwark, wildly strewing
Wreck and ruin through the earth!

10.

Sin's mad folly unrepented,
Men by sin and woe demented,
Reason driven from his throne;
All the world sin-sick and dying,
Man his Maker's will defying,
Who shall man with God atone?

11.

Sin's tremendous devastation,
Deadly blight and desolation
On my soul a deluge rushed;
Blasphemy to Heaven ascending,
Strife and discord never ending,
Every hope within me crushed.

12.

Sent to bring strong consolation
To mine own down-trodden nation
Whom in tender love I sought;
Promised long and long expected,
Spit upon, despised, rejected,
All my travail set at naught!

13.

Love's consummate revelayion,
Love's full reconciliation,
Spurned by Gentiles with disdain;
Crowned a King with ribald mocking,
Dragged through crowds like vultures flocking,
Doomed with sinners to be slain!

14.

Deeper than the thorn's incision
Sank the crowd's derision
And the scoffer's fiery dart;
Fiercer than the rough nails crushing
Through my flesh, upon me rushing
Cruel hatred pierced my heart.

15.

For the world my blood was flowing,---
Love to all the ages showing,---
For the world and nothing less;
Should my love be thus defeated?
Should my work be ne'er completed?
Should my sorrows fail to bless?

11.

Crushed by sin, for sinners bleeding,
Hopeless love for sinners pleading
Met man's last great enemy;
Torn by grief, o'ercome by wonder,
By my Passion rent asunder,
Burst my heart in agony.

12.

Why, my God, hast Thou forsaken
And Thy succor from me taken?
Why in darkness hid Thy face?
Then from glory swift descending,
And in pity o'er me bending,
Love Almighty sought me there;
Clasped me close, death-stricken, shrinking,
All my senses fainting, sinking,
In the stupor of despair;
And at once I was victorious,
Strengthened by a vision glorious,
Vision of triumphant grace!

18.

"Thou all nations shalt inherit",
Spake the Comforter, the Spirit,
And Thou shalt not die in vain.
Precious seed Thy blood shall nourish,
Till o'er all the earth shall flourish,
Harvests ripe with golden grain.

19.

When Thy travail shall be over,
Thou, man's changeless Friend and Lover,
Shalt be fully satisfied.
Never more shall aught defeat Thee,
God in glory soon shall greet Thee,
Thee His Son, so sorely tried!"

20.

Then, ah, then my sorrows ended
As my cry to God ascended,
"It is finished" and I died.---
Let no doubt thy faith diminish,
I my work will surely finish,
Bid thy heart my time abide.

21.

Let this vision ever cheer thee,
Tell the nations, let them hear thee,
Every soul to me is dear;
Tell to all mankind the story,
Thou canst haste the coming glory,
Bear good tidings far and near!

22.

Bear my word to every creature,
I will be thy guide and teacher,
I thy steps will guide aright,
Ey thy side forever keeping,
With a love that knows no sleeping,
I will shield thee in the fight.

23.

See the waiting hosts that need thee,
Come, Beloved, I will lead thee,
Love is conquering the world.
Give thyself, thyself unheeding,
For thy brother toiling, bleeding
Where my banner is unfurled!

24.

All the powers of Earth and Heaven
God into my hand has given,
I thy labors will defend;
To no doubtful strife I call thee,
Let no obstacle appall thee,
I will lead thee to the end.

25.

Long the conflict will be raging,
Powers of Heaven and Earth engaging,
But the end is fixed and sure;
Powers of evil in alliance
Hurl at me their fierce defiance,
But my kingdom shall endure.

26.

I upon my heart have taken
All the world, with conflict shaken,
Hurt by sin, by grief oppressed;
Though you heavy burdens carry,
Come, I love you, do not tarry,
Come and I will give you rest.

27.

I will draw all men unto me,
All the hosts that never knew me,
All the foes that hated me;
Men and spirits in commotion,
Streaming like a boundless ocean,
Drawn by love to Calvary.

28.

I to Hades have descended
And the imprisoned souls befriended,
Bearing hope of liberty;
There my right as Victor claiming,
Wrath and sin and terror taming,---
Hades,---moved,---shall flee to me.

29.

Every fetter shall be broken;
In my Cross behold the token
And the pledge of liberty;
I will banish all oppression
Till, throughout my vast possession
Every creature shall be free.

I will draw all men unto me.

All the joints that never knew me;

All the form that hated me;

Men and spirits in commotion,

Surrounding like a boundless ocean,

Drawn by love to Calvary.

I to Hades have descended

Tearing hope of liberty;

There my rights as Victor claiming,

Wrath and sin and terror taming,---

--Hades,--moved,---shall flee to me.

Every fetter shall be broken;

In my cross behold the token.

I will banish all opposition

"All"

Every creature shall be free.

30.

Sin each victim shall surrender,
I will be their strong defender,
I my healing will impart;
Cruel death no more shall sever,
Sorrow's reign shall cease forever,
I will comfort every heart.

31.

Death,once like a despot seated,
I have challenged and defeated,
Overturned the tyrant's throne;
And the shadow has been lifted,
Clouds of night with glory rifted,
In thick darkness light is sown.

32.

Lo, the light of hope is breaking,
Myriads from their slumber waking,
I shall cheer all souls at last;
Hope unfailing, never ending,
Light into all darkness sending,
Till the troubled night is past.

33.

Then my peace forever flowing,
Like the south wind softly blowing,
Calling forth the joy of spring;
To all hearts with conflict weary,
Worn with cares and labors dreary,
Everlasting rest shall bring.

34.

Have thou courage, do not falter,
God His purpose will not alter,
Let thy heart be undismayed;
Death from his pale horse unseated,
Hell destroyed and sin defeated,
Love triumphant, joy completed,
God by all shall be obeyed.

Cup of sorrows fiercely blended,
In my Father's hand extended,
Deep in mortal anguish sunken,
I the bitter dregs have drunken
Man to lead to God his Home;
Day of shame, with terror crowded,
Day of dread, in darkness shrouded,
There obedient love and meekness
Found, through seeming loss and weakness,
Found for man love's hidden treasure,
Love's deep mystery did measure;
Love's full stream no limits knowing,
From my cross forever flowing;
Deathless seed of promise planted,
Prayer of all the ages granted;
I the world have overcome.

[illegible].

Like organ tones that, with majestic roll
And deep reverberation stir the soul,
The listener's weary heart with rapture fill,
Until in heavenly peace its pulses thrill;
That lift the thoughts above the world of strife
And call to loftier, nobler, holier life,---
That voice through all my being surged and swelled
And restless doubt and fear forever quelled.
The very air was tremulous with joy,
No anxious thoughts could vex, no cares annoy;
And when the last sweet strains had died away
The heavens and earth were bright with coming day.
Deep in my heart responsive echoes rang,
And glad with grateful praises, softly sang.

CXXXVII.

Lord of my waiting soul, Thou Saviour dear,
Why should I longer doubt, what shall I fear?
Come dwell with me, forever be my guest,
That I may share Thy toil and know Thy rest.
Thou showest me a foregleam of the day
To cheer my drooping heart and light my way.
Even though the path I cannot always see,
Through the drear wilderness I follow Thee.
Thou every erring step wilt guide aright
Till night is done and I behold the light.

CXXXVIII.

And then a sound of triumph I could hear
Ring through the air about me far and near,
A sound of many voices from above,
Hailing the coming victory of love;
Voices of loved and lost ones gone before,
Of countless hosts that walk the earth no more,
Of spirits shining with celestial light,
Angels of God, archangels clothed with might,
Chanting the praises of their risen Lord,
Worthy by Heaven and Earth to be adored:---

CXXXIX.

Slain by the Son of God All-glorious
Over our ancient foes victorious,
Evil shall die and man at last be free,
Crowned with the joy of his high destiny.
Then shall the mighty outstretched arms of love,
Down-reaching from our Father's home above,
Embrace a universe redeemed from sin
And gather all His long lost children in.
To unimagined heights of glory led,
To unknown powers attaining, like our Head,
Like Him mankind at one with God shall be,
God all in all, oh wondrous unity!
Forever then shall darkness flee away
Before the glories of triumphant day;
Storms shall be past and every discord cease
And man shall walk with God in endless peace.

The End.

Henry N. Dodge
Morristown.
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